DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1885

VOL. 39. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 11, 1885. NO. 31.

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Clover Seed, Timothy Seed, Kentucky Blue Grass Seed, Orchard Grass Seed, Millet Seed, Lucerne Seed, &c.

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after several years test here, is offered to the farmers of this and adjoining counties, every one fully guaranteed. It is made of the best seasoned material and has no superior in the market in any respect. Come in and examine the Patent Truss Rod attachment. Price reduced.

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We Have a Big Variety of

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TO WHICH, AS ALSO TO OUR

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We would call attention, as well as to the fact that we offer our Goods at such Prices as will Prove Satisfactory to our Customers.

ALL OF OUR GOODS ARE PROPERLY SHRUNK BEFORE BEING MADE UP,

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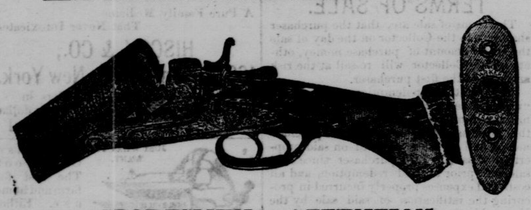

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Gentlemen in want of a good Breech-Loading or Muzzle-Loading Gun, Rifle, Pistol, Shells, Cartridges, Ammuniton, wholesale and retail, or anything in the shooting line will do well to call and examine the large assortment just received by ALEX. McCOMAS, 22 S. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

GUNS MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRING DONE IN THE BEST MANNER. GOODS SHIPPED C. O. D. AND GUARANTEED.

Maryl'd Steamboat Co

1885 WINTER SCHEDULE. 1885

Choptank River Route.

COMMENCING WITH

THURSDAY, DEC. 25, 1884,

WEATHER PERMITTING,

THE STEAMER IDA

Will leave Baltimore from Pier 4, Light St., at 9 p. m., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, for Easton, Double Mills, Oxford, Clora's Point, Travers', Cambridge, Secretary Creek, Jomaica Point, Medford's, Dover Bridge, Towers', Potter's, and Denton.

Returning, will leave Denton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 noon, Cambridge, 5 p. m., Easton, 9 p. m. and Oxford, 10 p. m., arriving in Baltimore early the following mornings.

Freight Taken at Low Rates.

HOWARD B. ENSIGN, Pres't.
Office, 98 Light St., Baltimore.
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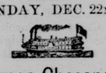
CHOPTANK RIVER ROUTE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

After MONDAY, DEC. 22ND, 1884, the



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Will be withdrawn from Choptank River,

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Taking her days—leaving Baltimore Tuesdays and Saturdays at 9 o'clock, p. m., for the following landings: Trappe, Chancellor's Pt., Secretary Creek, Clark's, Wright's Medford's, Hog Island, Dover Bridge, Kingston, Ganey's, Potter's Landing, Reese's, Coward's Pt., Covey's and Hillsborough.

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On and after Monday, Feb. 2nd, 1885, (Sundays excepted), trains will run as fowlows:

North. 2 Mail.	14 Pas.		South. 13 Mail.	25 Pas.
A. M.	P. M.		P. M.	P. M.
6 35	2 15	Oxford,	12 08	10 00
6 43	2 23	Trappe,	12 00	9 52
6 59	2 38	Easton,	11 45	9 37
7 09	2 49	Chapel,	11 33	9 24
7 17	2 55	Cordova,	11 27	9 17
7 27	3 05	Queen Anne,	11 18	9 08
7 38	3 16	Ridgely,	11 06	8 58
7 48	3 26	Greensboro,	10 56	8 48
7 57	3 36	Goldsboro,	10 46	8 38
8 04	3 43	Henderson,	10 40	8 32
8 11	3 50	Marydel,	10 34	8 26
8 20	3 58	Slaughters,	10 26	8 18
8 23	4 00	Hartley,	10 24	8 16
8 32	4 09	Kenton,	10 14	8 06
8 41	4 18	Clayton,	10 05	7 57
A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.

Connect at Clayton with Delaware Division of P. W. & B. R. R.

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2 oz. Solid Silver American Hunting Case, Key Winder $9.00.
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Stem Winders at the following:
2 oz. American Silver Hunting Case 11.00.
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Solid Gold Watches as low as 12.00.

All goods warranted for 12 months.
☞Repairing fine watches a specialty.
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Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, &c.
Southern Fruits and Vegetables a specialty.

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Clark's Poultry POWDERS.

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KNIGHTS' CHILL PILLS. HAVE NEVER FAILED.

☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

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A COMPLETE LIVERY STABLE IS attached to the Hotel. Single or double teams furnished on very reasonable terms when desired.

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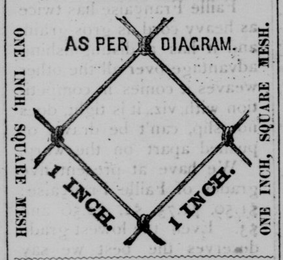
WE MEASURE THE MESH.

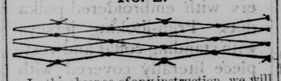


Parties ordering Netting or Seines will give length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

100 Yds. Long—10 Feet Wide.

We would make the webbing 150 yards long. 15 feet deep when stretched the same as a rope, that is the mesh stretched as per diagram

No. 2.



In the absence of any instruction, we will make as above. In ordering give full description of what you want; leave nothing to be guessed at.

Parties unknown to us ordering goods, will be required to remit us one-third the value before we ship them, the balance to be paid on delivery.

☞Send for Price List.

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Mention this paper. [nov8 '84 1y

☞All kinds of job printing executed at this office. Send in your orders.

Building on the Sand.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world hath done
Since myrtles grew and roses blew
And morning brought the sun;
But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure you pledge in truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth!
For if ye give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the unwise part
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold;
But place not all your hopes and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust
Unmixed with purer things,
And he who piles up wealth alone
Will often have to stand
Beside the coffer chest and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in friendly guise
And sooth where'er we can!
Fair speech should bind the human mind
And love link man to man.
But stay not at the gentle words;
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds
Should scatter crumbs as well.
The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand,
For those that talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

THE WIDOW PUZZLE.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

"Me get married!" said Mr. Riggs. "O, pshaw! It's a round ten year too late for me to think of that sort of thing."

"It's never too late for a good thing" said Dr. Dow, sagely. "And the Widow Puzzle would be a prize for any man."

"I'm afeared o' widows," said Riggs "Either they're pious and apt to be close in the housekeeping,—or else always comparing you with their dear first husbands."

"Some widows, I grant you," said the doctor, chuckling. "But not the Widow Puzzle! She's a trump card!"

"Hain't a doubt of it," said Mr. Riggs; "hain't a doubt of it! But I'm rather too old to be trying experiments, ye see."

In the meantime the Widow Puzzle—whose real name, although much corrupted by the freaks of popular pronunciation, was Mary Marcella Purcell—was being "joked" over a cup of tea by Mrs. Post, the minister's wife, on the subject of Mr. Riggs himself.

"He'd suit you exactly, dear," said Mrs. Post, dipping her spoon gently into the glass dish of strawberry preserves which her hostess had just handed her.

"Oh, get out!" said the Widow Puzzle.

"I'll allow he's queer," added Mrs. Post; "but my husband says he's as good as gold."

"La!" said Mrs. Puzzle; "as if it mattered to me!"

"But you ought to marry again, Mary," gently urged Mrs. Post.—"With this great farm on your hands—and all that woodland on Chery Mountain—."

"That's all nonsense," said the Widow Puzzle. But she colored up a little,—as Mrs. Post was not slow to observe.

"I don't believe but that she likes the idea after all," said Mrs. Post to her husband.

"It wouldn't be such a bad notion," observed the clergyman; "but Riggs never would have the courage to propose. He's as shy as a hare."

"I've no patience with your shy people," said Mrs. Post, with energy.

"Perhaps they can't help it, my dear," said the parson.

"He'll need a wife more than ever, when he gets that hotel built on the top of Cherry Mountain," said the lady.

"Soppose we let him decide that point for himself," mildly suggested her husband.

The "Summit Hotel" was very nearly completed. Mr. Riggs had worked diligently on it all the summer and autumn—and now, as the dreary winter storms set in, there was every prospect that they would be able to open it early in the ensuing season. It was rather a nice idea, this of building a handsome structure on the "sightly" crest of the fine old mountain. City people enjoy air and prospect. They would like to wander on the cliffs and drink from the ice-cold springs, when the thermometer at the city drug stores stood somewhere in the vicinage of a hundred and fifty degrees. But the head painter, and the boss carpenter, and the master mason were not so actively interested just now. Neither was the man who had the electric apparatus in charge, and who did not relish climbing the mountain just to see where he was expected to go to work when the next spring came.

"Six months hence would have done just as well," said he.

"I generally like to plan a little beforehand what I'm going to do," said Mr. Riggs, jovially.

"Hadn't you better drive a little faster?" suggested the boss carpenter. "It'll be dark before we know it."

"The roads are pretty slippery," said Mr. Riggs. "And the cold ain't sharp. Oh, we're making pretty good speed, Mr. Hammer."

The head painter sighed deeply. "It serves us right," said he, "for consenting to go up Cherry Mountain such a day as this."

"What's the matter with the day?" said Mr. Riggs. "Couldn't be a finer one."

"Why, it's snowing now," said the shivering master mason, as he crouched down in the bottom of the wagon and slapped his hands across his chest to keep them warm.

"Snowing? Oh, pshaw!" said Mr. Riggs, "what's an odd flake or two."

The electric man groaned. "I can't see my hand before my face," said he.

"Well, what ye want to see it for?" chuckled Mr. Riggs. "For my part, I'd a deal rather see the lights o' Squank Village."

And he laughed so good-naturedly that even the melancholy artisans were compelled to smile a little in reply.

But the December night closed in, dark and stormy,—the "colts," sober old stagers of ten and twelve years old continued to wander out of the way, and even Mr. Riggs became bewildered,—and the first they knew the wagon was tipped over on the edge of a glen. All scrambled up without bodily harm, however.

"Shaft's broke, eh?" said the boss carpenter. "And harness split to ribbons! Well, we air fixed now!"

"I see a light!" said the electric man who had been staring helplessly around him, wondering perchance if there were any bears left in the Cherry Mountain Woods.

"It's a will-o'-the-wisp," said the master mason.

"A will-o'-the-wisp! At this time of year? Nonsense!" said Mr. Riggs. "It's the Widow Puzzle's kitchen window,—that's what it is!"

"A kitchen window, eh?" said the head painter. "Come, that sounds cheerful. Let's go for it!"

"But we ain't none of us acquainted with the lady," feebly objected the electric man.

"Oh, hang ceremony!" said the master mason. "She can't very well put us out, unless she's worse than the Witch of Endor. And my nose feels exactly as if the end was frozen."

Mrs. Puzzle was getting tea when the little assemblage came up to her door, leading the two "colts," which had been set free from their harness, and crept along in the rear after a most dejected fashion. Fried chicken buttered toast, honey in the comb, and hot biscuits,—that was the bill of fare. For Miss Jenkins, the schoolmistress, boarded with Mrs. Puzzle, "just for a bit o' company," as the rosy widow said, and Sarah Ann, the hired girl, had a very fair idea of what was good to eat and what wasn't. The widow herself came to the door.

"Why, dear me!" said she, "it's Mr. Sparkle, the electric battery agent, ain't it? And Mr. Kalsomer, and Joel Hammer, and Mr. Bryce, that painted the steeple of the new meeting-house! And Mr. Riggs, too, if my eyes don't deceive me! Well, I am took by surprise! Walk in, gentlemen, walk in. You're just in time for tea. And the horse, too. Sarah Ann, you was always handy with a team—just lead the horses to the barn, and shake 'em down a bed of clean straw from the loft."

Here was a welcome worth having of a winter night. The forlorn travellers crowded around the fire—except Joel Hammer, who elected to accompany Sarah Ann and the colts out to the barn—and told their sad tales.

"Well, wasn't it lucky," said Mrs. Puzzle, "that it should have happened just here? It does so remind me of what my poor dear gran'ther used to say—'There isn't anything so bad but that it might have been just as bad again!' Keep you all night? Of course I can keep you all night. I and Sarah Ann and Miss Jenkins will take the little end room where there is an air-tight wood stove, and you men folks shall have the big chamber, where there's two double bedsteads and a cot. And a big fireplace, where you can build a fire that will roast all creation! Dear me! you don't suppose I'd let any human creature go out into the storm to-night!"

And the Widow Puzzle immediately set herself to work to get up a supper which, as she said, "should be someways near fit to eat." Cold roast pork, flaky baked potatoes, delicious home made bread, and coffee, brewed in a huge tin pot while they waited—and all this in addition to the fried chicken and hot biscuits, and supplemented by a huge "election cake" was calculated to assuage the hunger of even our five heroes.

Mr. Riggs, from his warm corner, took silent note of the bright eye and smiling face of the hostess as she moved around with the brisk alacrity of a youug girl, and then and there he made up his mind.

"A woman that's equal to such an emergency as this is one in a thousand," said he.

He came around the next Sunday afternoon. But, to his dismay, the electric man was there before him. So was the boss carpenter, who was whispering soft nothings to Sarah Ann, while the master mason was helping the school-ma'am sing "Old Hundred" at the melodeon in the parlor. The head painter was out looking at the barn, which, in his opinion, needed a good coat of white lead. The electric man was a ready talker, and Mr. Riggs could only look his devotion. And each of the five swains seemed determined to outstay the other.

"Never mind," said Mr. Riggs. "Better luck next time."

But matters were in no wise improvedon the next Sunday, and at last, after a series of unlucky visits, Mr. Riggs proposed to the Widow Puzzle one Monday morning as she was getting out her wash-tubs.

"Well, I declare!" said the widow. "If it ain't exactly what Mr. Kalsomer said yesterday. And the electric gentleman last week. And the painter writ me the eloquentest letter you ever read last Thursday! It's very good of you all, and I declare to gracious I don't know what you see in me! But I'm engaged to be married to my second cousin, Amaziat Pilkington—a gentleman in the lumber trade—in March, and so you see I'm forced to decline with thanks."

Mr. Riggs accepted his fate and retired from the unequal contest.

"But she would have suited me so well," he murmured.

As for the other three swains, history recordeth not the manner in which they took their doom.

But the carpenter was best pleased of all. Sarah Ann had smiled upon his suit.

"Sarah Ann is quite good enough for me," said the boss carpenter.

The Best Fruits to Plant.

J. W. Kerr writes in the American Farmer: As spring seems to have overslept itself, or by some other means delayed its coming, a few suggestions as to planting may not be amiss. As to the "how" or manner of planting no reference is had at this time, for the reason that the reader ought not to need any advice upon this point; but more particularly as to good and valuable varieties of the different classes of fruits would I invite attention.

If planting apples for market, among the early varieties be certain to include the "Fourth of July," and if for family use only, do not by any means omit the Early Ripe and Primate. For fall varieties Maryland Maiden's Blush, (not the Maiden's Blush of the books, for it is very "trashy" as compared with Maryland's,) heads the list, and for the Eastern Shore (be it particularly noted here by the reader that outside of "The Sho'" there is very little landed estate worthy of note) is without a rival. Next to the Maryland Maiden's Blush for genuine excellence as a dessert fruit, I would place the Maryland Spice. For winter, whether for market or family use, include the Lawyer in the selection. There are, of course, many other valuable kinds of early, fall and winter apples, but my experience prompts the warning of the foregoing as indispensable in selections for Southern Maryland and southward.

Among peaches, if for market, without fail include the Yellow St. John. It ripens before Crawford's Early, but not so early as is represented in some catalogues. Then, if you want something really excellent for eating out of hand, plant the Honey. It is not large, neither is it a pretty peach, but the quality amply compensates for those defects; it ripens, however, in the height of the peach season, and if something later in ripening for table use may be desired, for the best flavored yellow fleshed peach in existence take the Prince's Excelsior, which ripens with or perhaps a few days in advance of Beer's Smock.

What about pears? Well, if you want pears in appearance only, plant Kieffer; if, however, you incline to quality to a limited extent, then do not plant Kieffer or Birkett either. If I were planting for market a large proportion would be Clapp's Favorite.

For cherries, Ida has proven hardier in tree than any other heart or bigarreau variety I have tried, and the fruit is very fine, too. Schmidt's Bigarreau fruited last season with me—a very large, solid-fleshed black cherry, beautiful to behold and fascinating to the palate; these two kinds I regard as worthy of extended trial.

Quinces, by the advent of the Champion, are looming up into more importance to Southern planters. Larger than the old Orange quince, and ripening considerably later, brings the handling of the fruit at a season when there is more chance for proper care and attention.

For grapes, if I were planting for family use and could get Worden, I should never plant Concord. I should also want Lady Washington, but no El Dorado or Duchess.

Amongst other good things to plant about a home is a tree or two of Downing's Everbearing (?) Mulberry. There is only one drawback to this desirable fruit tree, and that is, that the fruit encourages the presence of a bird that I abominate—I mean the cat-bird. Why do I hate this "feathery songster?" Because it has all the mean habits of the crow, without possessing any of the redeeming traits of the latter. If any reader knows—to a certainty—of one single good trait in the character of this bird, he or she will place the writer under obligations by specifying the same in these columns.

—General Judson Kilpatrick used to relate the following of himself: "Soon after the announcement in the newspapers that he had been appointed Minister to Chili he was met by an old lady who had known him from childhood, and to whose bucolic mind the gallant General's large way of stating things had sometimes seemed like exaggeration. "Wall, Jud," she said, "I hear you have been called to the ministry. Glad to hear it. You'll make a real good preacher; but (solemnly), Jud, you most stop your lying."

Why is there nothing like leather? Because it is the sole support of man.

"What is luxury?" asks an exchange. Luxury is a seat in a crowded street car.

Winter-Killed Vines.

When winter has passed away and the first days of spring appear, the fruit grower naturally enough goes forth to examine the condition of the orchards, vineyards, etc. He comes to a vine subject to mildew; he cuts through the bark to ascertain its condition, and he finds it black and dry. He at once decides that it has been injured by the winter, without ever stopping to think that it might have suffered from some other cause. Had he paused for a little reflection on the weather during the latter part of last summer and called to mind the wet and humid atmosphere of August of several days in succession, accompanied by scalding sunshine, followed again by showers, he would no doubt have remembered the act that his vines were attacked by mildew, and that much of the foliage had fallen at least six weeks before it should, and before it had performed the function required by nature—that of ripening the wood as well as the fruit. And here rests the true cause of the so-called winter-killed vines, for when the leaves are once off no further progress is made in ripening either fruit or foliage. There are also other causes as well, that at times produce a similar injury; excessive dry weather during autumn at times injures the roots and arrests the progress of storing the necessary chemicals required to properly ripen the wood, or excessive wet and warm weather in late autumn, followed by sudden and severe cold, with little or no frost in the ground, finds the plant in an unripe condition; the wood filled with thin, watery sap, and unprepared for severe weather, and injured canes are the result.—Farm and Garden.

A Talking Dog.

A solemn man recently entered a restaurant, followed by his dog, seated himself and asked for the bill of fare. It was given him.

"What would you like to have, sir?" asked the waiter, flipping the table with his napkin.

The dog meanwhile had climbed upon a chair on the other side of the table, and was gravely regarding his master.

"Well," said the solemn man, reflectively, "gimme some ox-tail soup."

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter gazed at the animal with amazement, mingled with horror.

The solemn man continued:

"Then I think you can give me a sirloin steak, very rare, with fried potatoes."

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter's face assumed the color of cold boiled veal.

"Cup o' coffee, plenty o' milk," went on the solemn man.

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter shuddered, and turning, fled for the kitchen.

A man with a squint, at an adjoining table, was much interested in the scene. He had observed it closely, and finally spoke to the solemn man:

"It must have been hard work to teach that dog to talk, mister."

"It was," said the solemn man.

"I should think so," said the dog.

"What 'ud you take for him now?" said the man with a squint.

"Wouldn't sell him," said the solemn man.

"You'd better not," said the dog.

The man with the squint was much impressed. He began making wild offers and when he reached two hundred dollars the solemn man relented.

"Well," said he, "I can't refuse that. I hate to part with him, but you can have him."

"He'll be sorry for it," said the dog.

The man with the squint drew a check for the amount, which he gave to the solemn man. The latter was about leaving when the dog cried again:

"Never mind. I'll get even. I'll never speak again."

He never did.

The gentleman with the squint was proprietor of a show.

The solemn man was a professional ventriloquist.

Another Reduction in Postage.

Changes in postal rates will go into effect on July first, next. The postage on letters after that date will be two cents an ounce instead of two cents a half-ounce, as at present. The postage on newspapers sent to regular subscribers, and on sample copies sent out by publishers, will be reduced one-half. All cities having more than 4,000 inhabitants will be authorized to establish a special ten cent stamp delivery service, by which letters can be hastened to their destination. All these changes were recommended in the last annual report of the Postmaster-General. About the wisdom of the first two there is very little doubt. The ten-cent stamp project is an experiment, and its wisdom is still to be tested. Provision is made for establishing this service on a separate basis from the regular delivery, and specification is made that it shall not be permitted to interfere in any way with the latter.

A CABBAGE SENT TO THE PRESIDENT.—The Washington Republican says: About 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon a colored man toiled up the steps leading to the White House portico with a box about two feet square, and said it was for the President. On one side of the box was "Grover Cleveland, President of the United States," and on the other "From the Fort Worth Grocery Co., Fort Worth, Texas." Through the apertures between the boards could be seen the leaves of a massive cabbage. It weighed twenty-one pounds

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